

[July 25, 1868.]

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—In consequence of the sudden withdrawal of all pecuniary aid from Her Majesty's Government, it has been resolved by the Special Committee appointed at a General Meeting of the Directors, Subscribers, and Professors of the Institution, on the 2nd of May, to make an appeal to the general public, with a view to raise an adequate fund for the future provision of the Institution. A SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST has therefore been opened at the LONDON AND COUNTY BANK, Hanover Square; and the names of those who are willing to become contributors, either as annual subscribers or as donors, will be received and duly acknowledged by the Members of the Committee, as well as by the Secretary; by whom also copies of the *Special Report*, issued by the Committee, will be forwarded on application.

By Order,

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.C. A. BARRY,
Secretary to the Special Committee.

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of MESSRS. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MADAME WEISS has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public that she has resumed her Professional Duties, and is in town for the Season.—St. George's Villa, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.

M. R. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for Full or Small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street; or at Mr. A. GANZ's residence, 37, Golden Square.

M. R. W. H. TILLA (*Primo Tenore*) has just returned from Italy, and is open to Engagements for Operas, Concerts, Oratorios, and Provincial Tours. Address care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

M. R. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to Engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—12, Porchester Place, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

OUR DEAR OLD CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—New National Song, dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli. Words by J. E. CARPENTER, music by J. L. HATTON, 3s.; free by post for 19 stamps.

London: ROBERT COOKE & CO., New Burlington Street. To be had everywhere.

GOD BLESS OUR SAILOR PRINCE.—The NEW Grand and IMMENSELY POPULAR SONG, first sung at the Crystal Palace Royal Fête, by Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, on July 4th, when it was unanimously re-demanded by an audience numbering over thirty thousand. The music and words by the author and composer of "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" The song, 3s. The same for pianoforte, 3s. Free by post for 19 stamps each; and brass band free by post for three stamps.

London: ROBERT COOKE & CO., New Burlington Street. To be had everywhere.

SCHIRÀ'S Vocal Waltz, "IL BALLO," Valse Brillante, for Voice and Piano, composed expressly for and dedicated to Mdlle. Liebhart by F. SCHIRÀ, is published, price 4s., by

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

The above charming Waltz has been sung by the most popular sopranos of the day.

M. R. SANTLEY'S Great Song, "WHEN MY THIRSTY SOUL I STEEP," composed expressly for him by Mr. BENEDICT, and sung with distinguished success at the Herford and Birmingham Festivals, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

"ALL AMONG THE SUMMER ROSES." The popular Ballad in VIRGINIA GABRIEL'S Operetta, "A Rainy Day," is published price 3s., by

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

The Operetta complete for Voice and Piano, 15s.; and the Libretto, 6d.

BELINDA. Mazurka de Salon pour Piano, par ERNESTO CATALANI, price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published.

"THINK ON ME" ("Go where the water glideth"). Song, the words by an old poet, the music by HENRY BAKER (composer of "The Stepping Stones"), price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

"LOVE ME, BELOVED."

HERR REICHARDT'S New Song, "LOVE ME, BELOVED" (composed and sung by Herr REICHARDT), is published, price 3s., by

DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW AND TRANPOSED EDITION OF THE FOLLOWING SONGS.

Edited by EDWARD LAND. s. d.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS (in G). As sung by Madame PATEY WHITLOCK. 2 0

AULD ROBIN GRAY (in C), with recitative. 2 0

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER (in E). 2 0

LAMBORN COKE, ADDISON, & CO., 63, New Bond Street.

"DON CARLOS."

THE VOCAL MUSIC and the ARRANGEMENTS for the PIANOFORTE of VERDI's "DON CARLOS," are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, W.

"LE PREMIER JOUR DE BONHEUR."

THE VOCAL MUSIC and the ARRANGEMENTS for the PIANOFORTE of AUBER's New Opera are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street.

"HAMLET."

THE VOCAL MUSIC and PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENTS of AMBROSE THOMAS's New Opera, "HAMLET," are ON SALE at DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street.

THEODORE RITTER'S NEW CAPRICE.

"LES COURIERS." Caprice pour Piano, Op. 40. Price 7s. ed. (Edition de Chondens, Paris.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

**GOUNOD'S NEW SONGS
(WITH ITALIAN WORDS).**

"APRILE." Melodia. Price 3s.

"ALL' USIGNUOLO." Melodia. " 3s.

"PRIMAVERA." Melodia. " 3s.

(Edition de Chondens, Paris.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOTICE.—MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO. have just received from Paris the above new Italian Songs, by the celebrated composer of "Faust," which are worthy the attention of connoisseurs.

NEW WALTZ BY GOUNOD.

"LE RENDEZVOUS." Suite de Valses, pour Piano. Price 6s. 9d.

Ditto, as a Piano Duet. " 7s. 6d.

(Edition de Chondens, Paris.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW NOCTURNE BY GOUNOD.

"SOUVENANCE." Nocturne pour Piano. Price 6s.

(Edition de Chondens, Paris.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day,

**"PHILOMELLE,"
(CHANSON).**

Chantée par Madame MARTORELLI-GARCIA et Mdlle. ANGELINA SALVI.

Paroles de J. B. ROUSSEAU.

Musique de HORTON C. ALLISON.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

**"SUNSHINE,"
SONG.**

The Poetry by Miss E. GOMES.

The Music by MARSHALL H. BELL.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street.

Just Published,

**"AND ART THOU GONE?"
SONG.**

Poetry by MOORE.

Music by CLELIA.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

NEW SONG BY HENRY SMART.**"FLY LIKE A BIRD."**

The Poetry by F. ENOCH.

The Music by HENRY SMART.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 245, Regent Street, W.

STREET AND SQUARE MINSTRELS.

Sir.—This human nature of ours may be—and I suppose is—a very poor affair on the whole, but it cannot justly be charged with fickleness. I take Dryden to be an authority upon the matter of Jubal's shell. We all know that the poet's "ye, "in a fine frenzy rolling," sees things not usually visible to ordinary mortals; and I therefore accept without question his assurance as to the effects of that very primitive instrument. Doubtless the anti-diluvians thronged around the first musician eager to hear his strains; and our stereotyped humanity does the same thing now every day in the streets and lanes, whenever it can lay hold of one of Jubal's descendants. Some time ago I was walking through a dismal street in the most dismal part of Westminster. A steady rain was falling, and a bitter east wind, than which man's blackest ingratitude could not have been more "unkind," was blowing upon a disconsolate-looking organ grinder, whose instrument, covered with dilapidated green baize, feebly and with spasms emitted the jovial chorus "Here we are again." Yet standing there in the wind and rain, wet and shivering, for the most part hatless and shoeless, was a group of city Arabs absorbed in that miserable box of whistles with an absorption marvellous to see. I take it that our natural love for music has increased, for if Jubal's shell was anything like so frightful an instrument of torture as that organ then I will disbelieve Dryden altogether.

Truly the passion for that which is, or assumes to be, music, must be a deep seated one, or the ragged army of our street minstrels would have but a poor time of it. How else, through all the ranks of their noisy hierarchy, could they manage to subsist? That the means of living comes, from the halfpence flung to the feeble croner who goes crawling down the middle of the street with a sharp eye on the windows, to the shillings and half-crowns bestowed on the scientific performers of operatic arrangements in the west-end squares, is a fact significant of a public want. No doubt these peripatetic artists are sadly troublesome sometimes. Poor John Leech, with his double windows and his revengeful pencil, kicking the "organ fiends" into the sea in the pages of *Punch*, and Mr. Calculator Babbage periodically hauling them before the magistrates are but representative men. But then you know, in this strange world of ours, the tares and the wheat grow together, and "what is one man's poison is another man's meat." Therefore let those who suffer be charitable and forbearing.

For obvious reasons our street vocalists are few in number compared with their instrumental brethren. The roar and din of London sadly interfere with their vocation, and restrict their field of operations to the quiet and retired streets where the traffic is of the smallest. There are some, though, whose membership of the fraternity is doubtful, since even extreme courtesy cannot make the term "music" applicable to what they do, who uplift their voices in utter disregard of crowds and noise. The two men at the corner, for example, standing in the glare of the public-house lights, with an evil smelling but appreciative mob around them, are of this class. These are the true descendants—alas, how fallen!—of the ancient minstrels. I suspect the old bards were to the full as unmusical as their modern representatives, but there is an atmosphere of poetry and romance around them which is certainly wanting in these latter days. The men at the corner are of the class "rough" and they hold in their hands the latest emanation from Seven Dials, treating with astounding freedom of style, and sublime disregard for rhyme and metre, the latest scandal in high life. In one respect do these modern ballad singers religiously copy a high model: their performance is strictly antiphonal. Where one leaves off, the other begins, and so, answering one another, they pour into the greedy ears of their reeking audience the chaste and edifying effusions of the Catnach muse. I am no advocate for official censorships, but I should like to invest the helmeted individual yonder with an authority which he could apply according to the statute I would have in this case made and provided.

Belonging to a different class, but with equally doubtful claims to be street artists are the unfortunate creatures who escape the mendicity laws by feebly wailing forth some ditty of past or present popularity. Of all melancholy street pictures that presented by these practitioners is the most saddening. For aught I know, they "get up" for the part as carefully as any operatic performer; but, at any rate, nothing could be more like a personification of misery than the appearance of most of them. The feeble gait, the pinched-up look, the weary gaze ever slowly turned from side to side (yet, covertly sharp as a needle), and the quavering voice, are perfect; while to heighten the effect by contrast, the songs they sing were mostly intended for gallant lovers or jovial roystering. Is this latter fact the result of consummate art, or is it another development of the feeling which demands that our kitchen literatures should treat of the joys and sorrows of those who dwell in "marble halls?" Anyhow, it is effective. The other day I saw a poor wretch, seemingly a fitting candidate for the Consumption Hospital, gasping forth "Come live with me and be my love." The halfpennies flung to that performer were a very substantial tribute to his professional excellence.

Coming higher up in the scale, we meet with those who really offer something more or less musical, and whose claims to be street artists are undoubted. Only two or three of these can I name. There is, first, the female who haunts the gin palaces, and warbles her lay through the so-often opened doors. I confess to being sometimes deeply pained as I have detected in the style of her singing that which unmistakably spoke of better and happier days. Now and then, I have heard the wreck of what was once a noble voice, and noted

graces of manner telling a tale as easily interpreted as it was melancholy. Then there is the man who accompanies his vocal efforts on the concertina. He, too, finds his best reward in the neighbourhood of the "public," though in the day time he may be heard in the quieter streets. I know one who is among the first of his class. An ambitious performer is he, with a tendency—which is pretty general, by the bye—to tread in the steps of Mr. Sims Reeves. He gives us "My Pretty Jane" and "Come if you dare" *ad nauseam*, in a powerful bass voice, with an accompaniment on the instrument he carries displaying a sublime contempt for Bishop and Purcell. But for effect this artist is completely eclipsed by the four blind men who, holding each other by the coat, slowly perambulate the street, near to the kerbstone. These poor fellows sing for a living, of course, but the earnestness they always throw into what they do shows that they love their work. The smattering of music picked up at some institution for their class now stands them in good stead; and is mainly devoted to the production of psalm tunes of the most exploded type. If I were in their place I would sing nothing else. Those old ditties touch a tender chord, and open many a pocket which would otherwise be closed. Highest in the scale of street vocalists are the glee parties, now, however, almost extinct. Occasionally I meet with them in some quiet square, and never listen to them without pleasure, even when their performance will least bear criticism. The good old English glee may be fast dying out from among us, but it has some admirers left, and I am of them. When a boy, I have wandered all over my native town at the heels of these bands of gleemen, revelling in their performance of "Life's a Bumper," "Drink to me only," and "The Alderman's Thumb." Pity 'tis that the "nigger melodist," with his stupidity and his three-chorded effusions, should have banished my old favourites. I did hope when first he came with the clatter of his "bones" and the twang of his banjo, that he was an exotic, who would flourish for a while and then die. So far from this being the case, he seems to have taken permanent root here, showing his black face everywhere and constantly, and smothering with the rankness of his growth much that appealed to purer and better tastes.

But I have been so engrossed with my vocalists as to have little attention to spare for the still larger army of players upon instruments. The name of these is legion, and I hardly know where to begin. If with the lowest, as in the case of their singing brethren, then I must fix my regards upon the purely mechanical organ-grinder, whose only necessary qualification is that of grinding steadily. These were the haunting "fiends" of Leech, and are still the *bêtes noires* of Babbage. I am not going to deny that they are a nuisance. I have too much reason to think otherwise, in common with all those who have to do brain work, and are unfortunate enough to live in "quiet" streets. More than once or twice their distracting noise has put to flight such ideas as I had, and rendered highly probable a collision with the printer. But there is more than one light in which to view even an organ-grinder. I have anathematised him, and wished myself another St. Patrick, that I might expel him and his fellow-vermin from the land. I have also very nearly blessed him when, in some poor street, he has been the centre of a happy group of dancing children, with his bright face and merry laughing eyes beaming in harmony with their boisterous gaiety. I have seen those ragged dancers make him change his tune, pull him along the way he did not wish to go, and generally treat him with as much confiding familiarity and conscious power as if he were a harmless and obedient bear; he all the time submitting to their whims with a patience which has made me his fast friend. No, I would not expel the organ-grinders were I twenty St. Patricks rolled into one.

Emerging from the domain of mere mechanism, I am led to ask what has become of the "shrill, ear-piercing" penny whistles, late so plentiful? Was there not, some years ago, an Italian who did wonders on that instrument, producing effects of which the "pastoral tibia" was never supposed capable? Following him there came a host of imitators, whose shrill, and sometimes clever, pipings assailed the ear at every turn. But the penny whistle has had its day, and is gone into limbo, whither I should be delighted if the harp, fiddle, and cornet would follow. I mean, of course, the particular harp, fiddle, and cornet usually seen standing in a row under the gin palace windows. For horrifying effect the performance of this trio is only excelled by that of the half-dozen boys and one man who collectively make a "German band." The fearfulness of this latter who can express? Who can do justice to that clarinet, squeaking like a creature in agony, or to that cornet which joins in the melody at its own sweet will? Who, again, can comprehend the laws regulating the accompaniment, or say when it will admit of the desertion of two of its parts in quest of half-pence? The whole thing is so sublime in its impudence I don't the stolid German lads actually knock at your door and horrible in its performance as to amount to a phenomenon in that it is tolerated by my long-suffering countrymen.

One closing word concerning some street musicians who don't play for half-pence. Is there any necessity for our rifle bands to discourse such rubbish as they do? Are we to suppose that the taste of the Volunteers is not above the level of "Slap bang"? If we are not, there must soon be a reform in their marching music. At present appearances are against them.

THADDEUS ECO.

FLORENCE.—The new Teatro delle Loggie del Grano will be opened about the middle of November next. It will accommodate a thousand spectators.

A MUSICAL "DOPPELGÄNGER," OR FETCH.

It is astonishing to think on what plans some people have hit to attain their ends. We do not refer to such plans as those for which their projectors feared the light of day, and which would have necessarily brought the latter into collision with the law, public order, and the police authorities. We refer to plans which ought really to be called deceitful, but which harm no one, and consequently are generally allowed to pass in life as perfectly honourable, under the category of "cunning."

In how sly a manner a knowing young gentleman will manage to escape punishment from a severe papa, many of us could tell a tale. How cleverly a loving pair manage to hoodwink the watchful eyes of the old people is another fact known probably at all times and in all places. It is, however, something far more rare, and for many persons unintelligible, to see an unconquerable spirit of energy cause a man even to deny his own identity, in order to learn something—to see him, for instance, perform the most menial duties in order to get near his teacher. The history of sculptors and painters can show a great many such instances; want of means, which shut against them the door of an esteemed, popular, and, naturally, also highly-paid master, has generally been the reason why young men of ardent aspirations have sought and found the strangest means for satisfying those aspirations.

But there are, also, analogous cases in music. Many of us know, for instance, how a German composer, afterwards a great man, being eager to learn, fulfilled the duties of a shoebblack in the house of a celebrated professor of counterpoint and composition, for the purpose, in the first place, of becoming known to him, and gradually working up to be a pupil of his. Of course, he was successful. But perhaps the most curious case of the kind is the following.

The *Viola da Gamba* was at one time a generally fashionable and favourite instrument; among the countries in which it was so, we must mention France, where it was called the *Basse de Viole*. Professional players and amateurs vied with each other in cultivating it, and one inevitable consequence was that, in time, virtuosos on it sprang up. There were two, particularly, who attained great reputations in Paris; Forqueray (written also, Forcroix), and Marais. Both naturally paid homage—for, had they not done so, whence would they have obtained their reputation?—to the taste of the day, but each did so in his own fashion. Forqueray was more especially master of passages, runs, and shakes; he possessed the art of overcoming all the apparent impossibilities of his instrument. Marais, on the other hand, carried away his hearers and worked them up to a pitch of enthusiasm by the deep expressiveness of his playing and by his touching melodies.

One day, the first named musician received a visit from a young German who wanted to become his pupil, and as Herr Hesse, for so was he called, possessed some talent, as well as the necessary money, and a desire to work, he became Forqueray's pupil then and there. And what a pupil he proved! Such zeal and industry the Frenchman had never known before. The progress made could not be otherwise than proportional, and, at the expiration of some six months or so, the master was compelled to admit that he should soon have nothing more to teach his pupil. The latter comprehended everything with the utmost ease; conquered all the difficulties given him to execute, and fully justified Forqueray's favourite verdict: "He plays like the very devil."

That the two masters did not associate very much with each other, the reader will easily believe; things were not different in those days to what they generally are now. That, however, the two rivals were the best friends whenever they did meet, and went arm-in-arm to the café together, to chat on art generally, and on their own instrument in particular, is also a matter of course—as it is no different at the present day. M. Forqueray was now particularly delighted at meeting his best friend (!) once more after not having seen him for months. He could tell him that he had formed a pupil who cast everything that had ever been done before, nay, that cast even himself, into the shade. Would not the sympathizing (!) soul of his friend participate in his own delight. His triumph, which he had enjoyed in advance, was, however, doomed to be considerably diminished, for to all that he said, Marais could merely just nod his head in astonishment, for he, too, had pretty nearly the same tale to relate of a pupil of his. It chanced, too, that his pupil had been under him for about half a year, and was likewise a German, only his name was not "Hesse,"

but "Sachse." The same praise, however, was due to this Sachse for his performance in Marais's style, as Forqueray bestowed, for proficiency in own style, on Hesse. If M. Forqueray was unable to play anything, however difficult, to his Hesse, which the latter could not instantly repeat with the utmost precision and ease, no one could so truly imitate the sweet, intoxicating style of the other master as his pupil Sachse. In a word, the praise indulged in by the two musicians was so beyond all conception, that it struck them both that they might show each other these wonderful Germans of theirs. It was agreed that they should meet during Forqueray's lesson next day, when Marais might convince himself of the correctness of what his rival had asserted.

Long before the hour appointed for the lesson, the two masters had met in M. Forqueray's room. At last, the pupil, also, made his appearance. But he remained, as though struck by lightning, at the door, while M. Marais, dumb with astonishment, sprang from his chair, for—Herr Hesse was no other than his own pupil Sachse. "Bon jour, Monsieur Hesse," exclaimed one master, delighted at being now able to show off, in the full brilliancy of his skill as a teacher before his rival. "Bon jour, Monsieur Saché," cried the other, full of astonishment. The reader may imagine the consternation in the countenances of the three. Marais was the first to recover the use of his tongue. He explained to his colleague the state of matters, and urgently requested the young man to inform them, above all things, how he came to bear two names. The explanation was an extremely simple one. The young German's name was really Hesse. He had come to Paris for the purpose of perfecting himself on the *Viola da Gamba*, which he had already learnt in Germany. He heard persons in Paris bestow equal praise upon both masters, according as the speaker preferred the one style of playing or the other; he sought an opportunity of hearing both, and came to the conclusion that each was unrivalled in his way, but had attained only a one-sided kind of perfection. From this he drew the correct inference that the most accomplished performer on the *Viola da Gamba* would be an artist who could so render himself master of both styles as to be able to compete as successfully with Forqueray as with Marais. He determined, therefore, on having recourse to the stratagem mentioned, and we have seen how well he succeeded, only Herr Sachse was always obliged to be particularly careful not to know either Herr Hesse or Monsieur Forqueray, and that was assuredly no easy task.

We know many a German teacher, who, on making the above discovery, would, despite all his pupil's skill, have very quickly shown that amiable young man the way down stairs. Not so the two Frenchmen. They embraced their common pupil, who was moved to tears, and each did what he could to make a great artist of him. Through him, moreover, they became true friends, connected by the bonds of sincere and cordial esteem.

William Garrison.

Dear Silent,—Monday is the 27th of July. What imports the nomination of this date? Simply this. On that date there will be performances at Covent Garden Opera-house for the benefit of Mr. William Garrison, whose fortune was wrecked in his chivalrous attempt to establish English Opera in England. Two classes ought to give him their best support—those who think we ought to have an English Opera, and those who think that an honourable artist who has fallen into undeserved trouble should be assisted out of it. The bill is a very attractive one, and (as Abel Drugger was told to bury a magnet to attract the spurs of the gallants towards his shop) hope that under the portico of the Covent Garden Opera-house will be found the potent attraction of the pleasure of doing kindness to one who has been deprived of wealth and health by his exertions in aid of National Music. If Mr. Garrison has not a good benefit, I shall say that there is more cant among musical people than I at present believe they talk. Monday, July the 27th.—Yours always, dear Silent. —Punch.

PATRICIAN AND PLEBEIAN.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—I am an actress, and I play for the pleasure as well as the profit of the occupation. I have a great love of my art, and it pains me to see it degraded; I should not be a woman if I did not feel savage against those who encourage that degradation. Thus I find myself just now at open war with the whole peerage—nay, even my loyalty is suffering acutely. I read with a sort of wonder that the St. James's Theatre is crowded nightly with the highest society, though the ordinary prices are quadrupled. The attraction is Mdlle. Schneider, and the reception she received on her first appearance was, to use the cant word, an "ovation." What noble deeds, what great talents, excited such a rapturous enthusiasm in these icy aristocratic bosoms? Mdlle. Schneider is a burlesque actress of some capacity, but her main attraction appears to be the immodest gestures with which she gives point to a *double entendre*. I have not been to the St. James's, but I have read the newspaper reports. I have, besides, seen Mdlle. Schneider in Paris, where her genius and her legs take higher flights than in London, and I know her style. It is a cheering prospect for English actresses to see that, by imitating her example, by discarding their modesty, and kicking up their heels, they can obtain the patronage of the *crème de la crème* of London society; that Royalty will lead the vociferous applause, and the broader the joke, the more suggestive the action, the more loudly will the whole peerage clap its hands for joy. Positively, I feel less contempt for the actress than for the audience that encourages her.

The innocent, or more probably the charitable, critic of *Times* observes that perhaps it would be "only fair" to acquaint the maids and matrons who flock to hear and see Mdlle. Schneider of any knowledge of the real meaning of the looks and gestures and tricks in which she so freely indulges. Good-natured critic, to try and put a good face on so ugly a matter! Women have, no doubt, a great capacity for putting on an "I don't in the least understand" expression of countenance, but I know too well the intelligence and the curiosity of my sex to believe that they would go in crowds to hear what they cannot comprehend, or that they would be content to remain in blissful ignorance of what their male friends were chuckling at and applauding.

I fear your cynical contemporary the *Saturday Review* is nearer the truth when it frankly attributes the chief attraction of Mdlle. Schneider's performances to their "superfluity of naughtiness."

The blindness of the men who take their wives and daughters and sisters to see this frisky actress astonishes, and even amuses, me. The husband who enjoys seeing married men as a class made ridiculous and contemptible for the benefit of bachelors never dreams, I suppose, poor fellow, that when his lively wife is laughing so heartily at Menelaus, she may also be laughing at him, or, at all events, learning to do so. Women can be cynical in such things just as well as men. If his wife proves herself a clever pupil in the school of La Belle Hélène, I am sure he will not enjoy his own misfortune nearly as much as he did that of poor Menelaus, though to his neighbour he may look just as absurd.

A philosopher who would visit the brilliant throng at the St. James's and their recklessly incorrect *protégés*, and then drop into an East-end theatre, especially if it were a Saturday night, would be amused and instructed. He would see the patrician applauding looseness, and the plebeians applauding virtue with equal energy.

I went to the Victoria Theatre on a Saturday night some months ago; it was filled to the ceiling with an audience almost wholly men and boys between ten and thirty years of age. The play was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and when the vile Legree ordered one of his slaves to flog the heroine, and the slave indignantly refused, a howl of satisfaction and defiance issued from many thousand throats together, which had really something awful in it. The virtuous characters were encouraged and the villains jeered at all through the piece. At the conclusion the multitudes seemed not so much to applaud the play or the players as to rejoice at the triumph of the right and the defeat of oppression and injustice. Mdlle. Schneider would have had no chance with them; probably I am paying them a compliment in saying so. Nor, I am sure, would any English actress in a West-end theatre succeed if she attempted to imitate this latest importation. Decency takes refuge with the deities, and the galleries and the pit prevent our actresses from pandering too eagerly to aristocratic tastes. The "Adorable Menken" discarded garment after garment in the hope of gaining worshippers, and failed. Who knows what success she might obtain if she made her movements more pronounced, came farther west, and charged a guinea for the stalls. After all, she may only have mistaken her audience.—Yours, &c.,

AN ACTRESS.

NAPLES.—There is a report that Signor Filippo Marchetti's opera, *Romeo e Giulietta*, is to be produced at the San Carlo.

HANOVER.—M. Offenbach's *Pariser Leben* has been produced at the Royal Operahouse.

WAIFS.

Our well-informed contemporary, *L'Europe Artiste*, in its latest issue, gives us some information touching that which is artistically going on among us, which may surprise many readers. First, we learn that—

"Parmi les artistes aimés du public, nous pouvons citer le ténor Néri-Baraldi, le fortuné époux de la célèbre Fricci. Aussi est-il toujours engagé pour chaque saison; l'impresario sait trop combien M. Néri-Baraldi est aimé et apprécié ici."

Let us hope that Mr. Gye will continue to exercise the prudence for which he is famous. What a loss to London would be the "*fortuné époux de la célèbre Fricci*," our readers can easily imagine. Further, we are informed that—

"Ciampi, qui est aussi renommé pour la septième ou huitième fois, se maintient toujours dans la bonne grâce du public qui lui fait toujours, *chaque fois qu'il paraît sur la scène, une ovation méritée*."

The "ovations" paid to Signor Ciampi are doubtless among the most striking phenomena of the operatic season. Then comes a whole posse of startling information:—

"Un artiste sans rival, nous parlons de Fraschini, le grand ténor dont la renommée si grande qu'elle soit, n'est pas encore à la hauteur de son talent, obtient ici un succès digne de lui; *ch que fois qu'il paraît sur la scène, il est accueilli et fêté avec un enthousiasme indescriptible*; sa belle voix surprend toujours par sa perfection.—La Trebelli, avec sa belle voix, son talent *son beau physique*, obtient un succès mérite.—Nous ne pouvons oublier de parler d'une artiste d'un grand mérite, Mdlle. Sherrington qui, *croisons-nous, est pour la première fois à Londres*; mais elle y a conquis son droit de cité, et nous sommes certain que chaque année nous aurons le plaisir de la revoir, l'entendre et l'applaudir.—M. Chelli, lui aussi, est un artiste de mérite que le public applaudit *ch que fois qu'il paraît sur le théâtre*."

It is curious that the "artiste sans rival" (who has been gone about two months) should really have had no success at all, although "*accueilli et fêté avec un enthousiasme indescriptible*" (quite indescribable, being purely imaginary). "La Trebelli" comes off with scant honour. Amid all this avalanche of flattery, Madame Lemmens Sherrington (Mdlle. Sherrington) will be doubtless surprised at hearing that this is her first season at Covent Garden, much more that she was "*pour la première fois à Londres*," and no one will be more astounded than "M. Chelli, at the applause he receives, "*chaque fois qu'il paraît*," &c. But more follows:—

"A côté de la Patti, une charmante danseuse d'un rare talent, Mdlle. Dor, est l'idole du public.—M. Chelli vient de débuter dans *Alcyone*, son succès a été complet."

"N'oublions pas MM. Néri Baraldi et Gardoni qui se sont fait entendre à un concert organisé par M. Bénédict. MM. Gardoni et Néri-Baraldi ont été applaudis."

"La Patti" will be amused to find herself twin-idol of the public with Mdlle. Dor, and Mdlle. Dor no less gratified to know that she has been twin-idol of the public with "la Patti." But more surprised than any (if neither amused nor gratified) will be Mr. Benedict, at whose monster-concert, of 53 pieces, sung and played by all the most renowned singers and players in London, among the chief incidents, according to this veracious chronicler, were the "acclamations" awarded to M. Néri-Baraldi. Who heard them? Certainly not the veracious chronicler, certainly not Mr. Benedict, and as certainly not M. Néri-Baraldi.

In an article on the eighth Philharmonic Concert (Hanover Square Rooms), the *Sunday Times* says of M. Lubeck's performance of Mendelssohn's concerto:—"Rarely has there been heard, from a player of first-rate pretensions, a worse performance than that of Herr Lubeck. After this remark it is needless to say more about it. Whatever excellence it had was of so elementary a character that one was almost tempted to believe in the player being a student with a confidence in advance of his skill. When will the easy-going English public open their eyes and see that not every foreigner who comes here with lusty blowing of trumpets is a hero."

M. Gustave Doré the painter, and Mdlle. Dor (who wants no gilding, though she demands gold), have both been "apparitions" in this now expiring London season.

A correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music* (Boston, Massachusetts), speaking of a recent American Festival, writes about Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" as beneath:—

"Mendelssohn's 'Reformation Symphony,' performed for the first time in this country, is the grandest I have heard of his orchestral pieces, and full of *verve*. The first movement is in a remarkably bold and large style. But the second movement, *allegro vivace*, in six-eight time, captivated all hearts. The melody, distinct throughout, is bewitching dance music, but of so refined and exalted a character as to suggest a dance, rather of seraphs, than of vulgar mortals. It is most deliciously instrumented, and, though very long, so constantly varied in melodic treatment, and charming transition of keys, that it was received with enthusiastic applause, which would not stop till a repetition was secured."

HORACE MAYHEW'S LATEST LASTS.

Duet from "Norma," arranged for a little Duck and a Chorus of Green Peas.—"Yes, we together," &c.

Opera for Odd-Layers.—"Bet-ly."

On Dit.—The Music Hall Comic Singers are about to publish a "Plea for Tol-lo-leration."

Advice by a Reasonable Abstainer.—Stick to dry wine.

Country would-be Visitor to the Opera, who has made a mistake and selected a fashionable tailor's instead of a second-hand emporium.—"Oh, I say, do you let out dress coats?" *Affable shopman* : "Honky when they're too small, Sir."

"Intelligent Foreigner."—One Sunday an Italian went into an English Church during service, and took a seat which did not belong to him. The verger, who was ignorant of Italian, was at a loss how to explain the case to him. Remembering, however, by a happy thought that music is the universal language, the ingenious official leaned over the door, and in an undertone, so as not to disturb the clergyman, hummed the air of—

"Non p'ew mister."

The intelligent foreigner, comprehending his false position, immediately retired.

French and English plays.—At the St. James's *The Grand Duchess* finished by becoming the wife of *Paul the Prince*. At the Olympic *The Grand Duchess* began by being *Mrs. PAUL*.

Signor Mongini and Madame Mongini left London for the Continent on Thursday the 9th inst. The larger part of Signor Mongini's duties has since devolved upon that most useful and versatile gentleman, Signor Bettini.

The Dean of Norwich, Dr. Goulburn, whose removal—according to the *Western News*—"we Londoners still regret, and who always strives after the golden mean," has been doing good work at his cathedral. Finding that it is considered *infra dignitatem* for the chief dignitary to take part in the musical portions of the service, he frequently intones the Litany and ante-Communion service. He is very anxious to make the chorister boys alive to the importance and the sacredness of their calling. He has given them a special series of sermons, and frequently has them to dine at the deanery. The other day, after evensong, he had an hour's service, in order to admit a new chorister, the oldest boy of the choir reading the lesson. Some time ago he laid hands on some of the clerks, and pronounced a formula giving them authority to sing in the cathedral, and exhorted them in the words addressed in pre-Reformation times to the inferior orders of clergy, "take heed that what they sang with their mouths they should believe in their hearts, and what they believed in their hearts, they should carry out in their lives." On another occasion the Dean ordered the whole congregation to their knees, when they persisted in standing during the bidding-prayer. In a sermon preached to the Choral Association he stated that he knew he was in a minority of one to ten in the matter, but that he held that shutting up the organ and dismissing the singers at the celebration of Holy Communion was a rank absurdity. Either music was an impudence altogether, or it ought to adorn the chief service. The country parsons stared; but Dr. Goulburn is no bigot, and in no hurry to enforce his views. It is a fine sight to see the immense congregation on a Sunday listening to his most eloquent sermons with rapt attention. Every one respects him, and the Bishop who is a Low Churchman, works very well with him. *O si sic omnes!*

The death is announced of Mr. Joseph Sterling Coyne, in his 65th year. Mr. Coyne, the son of an Irish commissariat officer, was born at Birr, King's County, Ireland, and was educated at Dungannon School. He was intended for the legal profession, but soon abandoned it for that of literature. His first attempt was a farce called *The Phrenologist*, brought out in Dublin in 1835. In 1837 he came to England, and was introduced to a London audience. Many farces and dramas remain to testify to his industry. The funeral took place on Tuesday at Highgate Cemetery, at two o'clock.

The following mild rebuke has been administered by our savage temporary, the *Zomahawk*, to certain distinguished personages who prefer Offenbach to Handel:—

"There has been a good deal of grumbling on the part of musical enthusiasts, not to say of the public at large, at the very meagre support vouchsafed by Royalty to the late Handel Festival. Although a State-box was prepared, regardless of expense, large enough not only to contain the whole of our Royal

family, but all the Royal families of Europe in a body, only on one occasion, and then only during the second part of one of the concerts, was it tenanted. The Princess Louis of Hesse on the last day honoured the Crystal Palace with her presence, but the visit was evidently one of duty rather than of pleasure, and with this exception no 'Royalty' came near the place. The grumblers grumble, too, all the more because it cannot honestly be urged as an extenuating circumstance that our Princes and Princesses are unusual in their tastes, for on the occasion of Madame Schneider's *début* at the St. James's every august personage within hail of London was present at the performance. Moreover, for two consecutive Saturdays, the Prince of Wales, with a large party, has attended the ordinary opera concert at the Crystal Palace; true, on both occasions the entertainment concluded with a display of fireworks, but Patti and Mario were listened to none the less attentively on that account. Is it that a triennial Handel Festival is a little too much? We fear there is no doubt about it. Handel has been voted a bore, and Offenbach has cut him out."

[Scalp away, old fellow, may your substance never be less!—A. S. S.]

Apropos of the ludicrous errors of the press referred to by the *Daily News* in a recent leading article, an additional instance may be cited. In Johnson's tragedy of *Irene*, near the end of the fifth act, we read as follows:—

"Forgive, great Sultan, that by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy message," &c.

The printer of a copy in our possession renders the first line as subjoined:—

"Forgive, great Sultan, that by FAR prevented"—

—conveying the impression that the obesity of the messenger had delayed his arrival.

Middle. Christine Nilsson resumes her duties at the Paris Opera on the 3rd of August, when she will re-appear as Ophelia, in the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas.

Watson's Art Journal has the following:—

"Together with the news that Madame Parepa-Rosa has appeared in concerts in San Francisco, with brilliant success, comes a rumour that a serious cause of difference has arisen between Madame and the manager, Maguire, on account of these concerts. It is stated that she was not to have sung in California until she appeared in opera in August, and that the concert speculation will take off the freshness of the attraction, and is consequently a breach of faith."

If this be true, manager Maguire is not the shrewd manager Maguire we take him for. The more renowned Madame Parepa-Rosa gains in inaccessible countries the better for him.

Forney's Weekly Press states that the song, "Tramp, tramp, tramp!" was composed by a prisoner confined in the Iowa Penitentiary, and was first written on the walls of his cell with charcoal; and that it has netted the publishers thousands of dollars, but not a cent to the writer.

We gather the following from *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"Mr. Howard Glover, the distinguished English musician and leader of Nible's orchestra, took his benefit at that establishment on Saturday the 11th ult., on which occasion a most brilliant programme was presented. Among other attractions, Mr. Glover conducted an original operetta of his own composition, entitled *Once too often*, which has made an extraordinary success through all England. Miss Fannie Stockton, Mr. Arthur Matthison and other well known art stars, sustained the principal *rôles*. In addition to this attraction, he gave Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony.' Mr. Howard Glover is a man of European celebrity, and his first personal appeal to the American public proved a success worthy of his high reputation."

We read the following in the *Genesee Republic* (Illinois):—

"About a year ago, James M. Howe, dry-goods dealer on Main Street, caught at his residence, a real, Simon-pure singing-mouse, since which time hundreds of people have visited his mouse ship and listened to his music. He is kept in a fine cage, where he can be seen by visitors, and in which he does his musical exerc'ses. In personal appearance he strongly resembles other members of the rodent family, differing only in the particular of caudle appendage, which is longer than usual. He sings as sweetly as a bird, though possessing less volume of tone, and not quite so much compass and variation of voice as a nightingale. The night, when everything is still, is our mouse's favourite season for indulging in the exercise of his musical abilities, when he sings almost constantly, and very sweetly. In the daytime he attends to other matters, though occasionally indulging in a musical strain. The mouse is a real curiosity, so much so that hundreds of people, from home and abroad, have visited Mr. Howe's to see and hear him sing, and some have offered quite large sums of money for a title to him. No other members of the family to which he belongs are ever seen on the premises."

Our readers will remember an extract from Prof. Liebe's *Zoologische Garten*. Brother Jonathan is not to be outdone even in the matter of singing mice.

Let every organic man read (if strong enough) inwardly digest the following—it will do him good:—

"The purpose of the organ"—says J. S. Bach—"is to incite, calm, devotional feeling, and to support the choir, not to drive or overpower, which often

seems to be the aim of accompanists. They should rather follow than lead, always playing their part modestly though firmly, and with correctness and dignity. Voluntaries, interludes, etc., should occupy the smallest possible space, so that they fulfil the purpose for which they are required."

We thank you, Peters, for a delightful evening (the more pleasant that we met — and *uxor*). That is something like music and something like singing. I could not have written or sung better myself. I have now retired into my refrigerator, with my head on a block of Wenham. EUMPY.

Mr. Punch requests Dr. Shoe, of his (Dr. Shoe's) courtesy, to insert the enclosed extract from his (Mr. Punch's) most recent "Essence of Parliament."

55, Fleet Street, July 23.

"Mr. Childers showed that the Civil Service costs us about twelve millions and a half a year, and is not done particularly well, either. By the way, an odd result has arisen from our desire to have clever men. We get them too clever. They pass examinations, and then consider themselves superior to the work for which they have been struggling. It is, however, only fair and just to the Civil Service to say that though we have frequently been brought in contact with its members, for official purposes, we never witnessed any particular superiority of intellect. If the weather were not so hot, we would enumerate a series of anecdotes illustrating this, but it shall suffice to say that having, the other day, desired a Treasury clerk to make a champagne cup, he came hambly up to us to know whether he should put in any *curacao*."

[*Though Dr. Shoe is not at present contributing to this journal, Mr. Punch will see at a glance that his request is complied with.—A. S. SILENT.*]

Mdlle. Laura Harris is singing with great success at Baden-Baden.

We are informed by our excellent contemporary, *La Comédie*, that Madame Ristori has arrived in Paris.

Signor Verdi has been in Milan on visits to his book-maker, Piave, and Manzoni, the poet. All sorts of festivities were prepared in his honour, but the *maestro* quietly slipped away to the splendid villa of his publisher, Ricordi, on the Lake of Como. Therein did the *maestro* show his good sense.

Some French papers tell us that Mdlle. Nilsson has demanded of M. Perrin, as the conditions of a renewal of her engagement, 180,000 francs and three months' leave or *congé*. We sincerely hope Mdlle. Nilsson may get the money and the leave or *congé*—especially the leave or *congé*.

The failure of M. Carvalho has given full liberty of action to M. Gounod. "What will he do with it?"

The National Eisteddfod of Wales will this year be held at Ruthin, the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th of August. The presidents are Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart., M.P., Mr. T. Mathew, M.P., Mr. Cornwallis-West, Ruthin Castle, and the Mayor of Ruthin; the vice-presidents, Bishop of St. David's, Lord H. Hill Trevor, M.P., the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, M.P., and many other influential gentlemen connected with the Principality, by birth or residence. The general plan of the festival very nearly resembles that at Carmarthen last year, the morning sittings being devoted to competitions for prizes offered for musical and literary compositions and singing, and the evening to miscellaneous concerts, for which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and other artists are engaged. Prizes to the amount of £480 will be awarded. In connection with the Eisteddfod an exhibition of works of art and of industry and natural products of Wales will be held in the Assembly Rooms. Social science meetings, under the presidency of Mr. Hugh Owen, will on the first three mornings precede the general meeting in the Pavilion. On the last day, the *Messiah* will be given by singers from native choirs, under the conductorship of Mr. Hullah.

[The above is abridged from a local sheet, which says nothing about the orchestra.—A. S. S.]

Mdlle. Enquist has just been presented with a tiara and cross, with gold chain, by his Excellency the Danish Ambassador, as an acknowledgment of her singing at the grand fête lately given by his Excellency to the Prince and Princess of Wales and Crown Prince of Denmark.

The annual brass band contest will take place at the Zoological Gardens, Belle Vue, Manchester, on Monday, September 7th.

Mr. Benedict has left town for Stuttgart. May he find some health-requiring leisure.

The latest report is that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has succeeded Mr. Chorley as musical critic of the *Athenaeum*. This will account for the slow progress made by his second symphony. It is untrue that the doctors advised his accompanying Mr. T. M. Mudie to Twickenham. By the way, Mr. Mudie has returned from the meadows, symphonyless.—B. B.

An Italian musical journal states that Signor Fiorini played Marcel at Her Majesty's Opera and failed. As Signor Fiorini did not play Marcel it follows that he did not fail. He did play Leporello, and pleased a vast number of persons both by his singing and acting.

The *Times* writes of the "complimentary concert," given yesterday week, at St. James's Hall, by the Philharmonic Society, to their subscribers, as subjoined:

"At the 'complimentary concert' given by the Philharmonic Society in St. James's Hall we had very admirable performances of Mozart's 'Jupiter,' and Mendelssohn's 'Italian' symphonies, Weber's *Jubilee* overture, and Professor Sterndale Bennett's so-called 'Fantasia-Overture,' descriptive of Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*, composed expressly for the society, and first executed at its 'Jubilee' concert in 1862. Why this last should be designated 'Fantasia-Overture,' we are at a loss to explain, seeing that a more beautifully symmetrical piece of music hardly exists. The applause at the end was loud, unanimous, and prolonged; but nothing could induce the composer to come forward and acknowledge it, although it was pretty generally known that he was in the room. Mr. Charles Hallé treated the audience to a remarkably fine performance of Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto (in G), with Beethoven's own cadenzas, which henceforth, it is to be hoped, will invariably be used, unless some new Mendelssohn should appear to extemporize better ones. The singing was excellent. Mr. Santley gave, in his most finished style, the now well-known air from the *Resurrezione* of Handel, as well as a romance from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini (in place of Mdlle. Ti-tjens who was indisposed), sang 'Di tanti palpiti,' and another air; while Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, for whom an apology was made early in the evening, sang Beethoven's magnificent 'Ah! perfido,' in a style that we have never heard surpassed. If Mdlle. Nilsson sings thus when indisposed, what have we not a right to expect when she is in full possession of her powers? Altogether, this 'complimentary concert' was a brilliant success. The hall was crowded in every part."

"By an inadvertence the name of that young and promising singer, Miss Sofia Vinta, was omitted from our recent notice of a concert at the Crystal Palace and of that given by Miss Fanny Holland. In the former instance she was recalled after her song, 'Faded L-aves,' and at Miss Holland's concert was similarly complimented after 'O luce di quest anima.' We call attention to the accidental oversight, because there is not enough vocal talent among our younger artists to permit of any being neglected." —*Sunday Times*.

On the occasion of the last subscription night at Her Majesty's Opera, Mr. Mapleton, with justifiable pride, caused the subjoined address to be read in the theatre:—

"Mr. Mapleton avails himself of the opportunity afforded by the termination of the subscription nights to return his grateful thanks for the very kind and liberal patronage he has received during the season of 1868. Commencing his undertaking at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under no ordinary difficulties, the season has, in spite of these difficulties, proved one of the most brilliant in the annals of Italian Opera. Notwithstanding the destruction of the music library, scenery, costumes, and properties of Her Majesty's Theatre, it is universally admitted that the operas produced at Drury Lane Theatre have been placed upon the stage in a style, and with a completeness, in every way worthy the reputation of the old and time-honoured establishment.

"Mr. Mapleton refers with pride to the casts of the various operas presented during the season, as unsurpassed for the combination of artistic talent. The result has been to increase the popularity of the leading members of his company — Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, Mdlle. Criteine Nilsson, Mdlme. Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Mengini, Signor Bettini, Mr. Santley, Signor Arditto, &c., who are re-engaged for the ensuing season.

"Mr. Mapleton has the honour to announce that his lease at Her Majesty's Theatre will continue with the new building, now erecting under the superintendence of the Earl of Dudley — a nobleman whose taste in art is a guarantee that the edifice, in all respects — whether the accommodation of the public or the effect of the performances be taken into consideration — will be the most perfect in this country.

"Saturday, July 18th, 1868."

We have little doubt but that the new building will be all that Mr. Mapleton predicts.

On Tuesday last there died at Barnsley one of the oldest choral singers in Yorkshire. Mr. Joseph Brook was well known in his native county, and took part in the following festivals:—Bradford, 1853, 1855, and 1857; and Crystal Palace, 1859, 1862, and 1865. For the past twenty years he was an efficient member of the St. Mary's Church Choir at Barnsley, and, with other local musicians, took an active part in getting up concerts during the winter season. He leaves a widow with four sons and three daughters to mourn his loss.

PADUA.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has been produced with great success.

BOLOGNA.—Signor Verdi has been presented with the freedom of this city.

W' Histoire de Palmerin d'Olbre filz du Roy FLORENDO de Mackdons et de La BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiculus, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEHU Mauglin, dit le Petit Angenier. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 214, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AVEROES.—The late Negus Theodore ("Negus Negestza *Æthiopiae Theodore II.*") spoke Arabic fluently.

DRAMATICS.—Our correspondent is right and he is wrong. On the evening of April 28, 1868, Miss Herbert played Lady Teazle at the St. James's Theatre (for her benefit, and the last night of her lessee-ship); while Miss Rushton played *two scenes only* of Lady Teazle, at the Prince's on the same evening. Miss Rushton has been in America and in Canada. Our correspondent is right and he is wrong.

TEETOTALER.—The late Artemus Ward gave his first entertainment in London at the Egyptian Hall, on Tuesday, Nov. 13, 1866.

J. E. N. ("J.-ques" of the *Australasian*).—Will our correspondent furnish us with the name of the article which appeared in the *Melbourne Australasian* on July 7, 1866? We have frequently to complain of similar treatment not to sympathize with him in this matter.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s, 214, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1868.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

IF we return to this subject so early, it is because the case demands prompt treatment. Delay is proverbially dangerous; here it will be fatal, and that in a special sense. We do not forget that the death of the Academy means the birth of something portentous at South Kensington. The one waits upon the other, and as we would far rather keep the other than be brought face to face with the one, we repudiate delay altogether.

Those of our readers who sympathize with the views we expressed in a former article—and there are very few who do not—will be glad to learn that the prospects of the Academy steadily, if not rapidly, brighten. Already a torrent of new blood has been infused into the directorate. For example, the late president, Lord Wilton, has resigned (and, resigning, has raised his subscription from five guineas to twenty-five pounds), the place thus vacated being filled by Earl Dudley, most munificent of aristocratic art-patrons. The old vice-presidents—His Grace of Leinster, Lord Howe, and Sir John Pakington—have been reinforced by Sir Thomas Gladstone, than whom English music has no more sincere well-wisher. The rank and file of directors show a formidable accession (formidable, especially, to Mr. Cole, C.B.) the committee of management, with Professor Bennett at its head, is a thoroughly trustworthy body; and a newly-invented "finance committee" promises to look well after the needful funds. So far so good; and now as to the funds themselves, upon the state of which all must depend. The latest report issued by Mr. C. A. Barry, the special committee's able and indefatigable secre-

tary, is encouraging, while, at the same time, it indicates that a good deal has yet to be done before the mainspring of our national art can be pronounced out of danger of South Kensington. Mr. Barry's penultimate statement showed an annual subscription list amounting to £247, 11s. Since its issue additional promises have been made to the extent of £170, 19s.; the donations in the same period amounting to £314, 2s. This makes the yearly income of the institution £418, 10s., sum of course utterly inadequate, but very good as a beginning. Our business now, and the business of every one who wishes well to the art, concerns itself with the sequel. The Academy wants annually at least as many thousands as it now has hundreds. It would be vain and foolish to disguise this fact, or to hope for a school of music worthy of the nation on cheaper terms. Of course it would be as possible to struggle on with much less during the time coming as during the time past, but the object now in view is something other than mere existence. What is required amounts to this—that the Academy should not only keep out South Kensington by continuing to live, but that it should so live as to do positive in addition to negative good.

The question, then, like so many others, resolves itself mainly into one of ways and means. All changes in the directorate, notwithstanding, unless money be forthcoming, the Academy must go to the wall, and Mr. Cole, C.B., will set up his telegraphic apparatus in Hyde Park, preparatory to becoming the music genius of that nation. But—and here's the rub—from whence should the money be forthcoming? Without attempting to give a comprehensive answer to this question, we must take leave to indicate one quarter upon which the Academy has claims hitherto but slightly recognized, if, indeed, they have been recognized at all. It is impossible to glance down the list of subscribers without being struck by the scant array of old pupils who have come forward to the help of their *Alma Mater* in this her dire extremity. A few names of good men and true we gladly recognize—Cusins, Pettit, Aylward, and Lucas, among others—but they bear even a less proportion to the whole than did the one thankful leper to the nine who forgot that any thanks were due. For the present we must refuse to believe that this state of things is the result of deliberate ingratitude. It surely cannot be that the hundreds of musicians who owe the position they occupy, after their own natural gifts, to the Royal Academy of Music, have no regard for that institution. It may be they can do but little in the shape of monetary help, but, as a matter of fact, even that little is not forthcoming. The Academy wants it, and, not to say more, we scarcely envy those who prefer half-a-guinea to the continued existence of their artistic foster-parent. As regards the general public, our firm conviction is, that the urgency of the case only needs to be known in order to be met. At present that urgency is known but very little, and it may profitably enter into the discussions of the special committee how best to excite a wide-spread interest in the cause they have at heart.

And now for a final word to the Academy authorities. The degree of support they will ultimately receive must depend upon the degree in which they put their house in order. It is of no use to shut one's eyes to the fact that our national music-school has not hitherto satisfied the national want. Whether it could have done so is a question we shall not discuss now. More concerns us to enquire whether the future will be better than the past. Upon the answer to this the Royal Academy of Music will stand or fall.

T. E.

WE remarked in an article on the early history of *L'Africaine*—says the Berlin Echo—"that we had succeeded in finding a copy of the old libretto of the opera *Vasco de Gama*, the music of which was composed by Himmel, adding that it had not the slightest relationship with *L'Africaine* of Scribe and

Meyerbeer, which seemed rather to have been taken from some German tale. Since then we have received a copy of the earlier libretto, produced in 1792, and discovered that the libretto of Himmel's opera is founded on it, only shortened and modernized in style. For the old libretto, Alessandri, as was stated in the same article, borrowed the music from eighteen composers, and made a failure with it."

The exact title of the old libretto is : *Vasco di Gama, a play for Singing, with Choruses and Dances relating to the whole, by Anton von Filistri, Court-Poet to his Majesty the King, for performance in the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, in the Carnival of the Year 1792. The Music is by various Authors.*

The libretto of Himmel's opera is entitled : *Vasco di Gama, a heroic "Singspiel," with Choruses, and Dances relating to the whole, by Anton von Filistri, Royal Court-Poet and Intendant des Spectacles, set to music by Fried. Heinr. Himmel, Royal Chapelmaster, and performed at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, in the Carnival of 1801. Re-arranged and augmented (?) Edition. (Berlin, Haude, and Spener).*

The prefatory notice, which, with the exception of a few words, is the same for both librettos, runs thus: "According to the Portuguese historians, the celebrated Immanuel, Duke of Beja, a grandson of Alphonse V., and the successor of John II., on the throne of Portugal, fitted out a fleet, and entrusted it to the care of that enterprising Portuguese officer, Vasco de Gama, a man distinguished both by his birth and his services. He rendered himself immortal by discovering a new way for the Portuguese ships to the East Indies round the most southern point of Africa. He thus sailed round the eastern coast of this continent, concluded treaties with some of the native princes, subjected several towns to the rule of his sovereign, traversed the immense sea which stretches between Africa and the Indian peninsula, and thus arrived at Calicut" (second edition : "Calcutta"); "he here found in the moor Mouzaida, from Tunis, who entertained a particular partiality for the Portuguese, whom he had formerly known in Oran, an adherent who advanced his interests in various ways. This moor helped him to escape from prison, and avoid the nets set for him by the inhabitants and the Zamorin himself. He even so arranged matters that Vasco concluded an alliance with the Zamorin, and thus laid the foundation for the Portuguese colonies in Hindostan. In truth" (second edition: "in reality"), "however, it was not till a second voyage that Calcutta was stormed and the treaty of alliance concluded; but, for the purposes of the play, all these circumstances are supposed to have occurred during the first stay of the Portuguese in Calcutta.—The public will not fail to distinguish which portions of the work are imaginative.—The principal action comprehends the first establishment of the Portuguese colonies in Hindostan.—The scene is in Calcutta, on the coast of Malabar."

Very little can be said in praise of the libretto itself; the plot is put together by an unskillful hand, and bolstered up with pomp and display. The verses are bombastic and forced; in fact, altogether worthy of a court-poet, in the acceptation of the title which has now become usual, so that it is impossible to understand how an intelligent composer could derive the least inspiration from them. It is true that similar puppet-shows are published even now-a-days as operatic librettos and set to music, but posterity will look back on the patchwork productions of our times, with the same compassionate smile that we look back on those of former days. Then, perhaps, a better era may have dawned for the musical drama. Heaven grant, though, that musical invention and labour may not then have so fallen into decay, for a fresh kind of weakness in one branch of opera to outweigh and neutralize the progress made in another.

H. M.

MR. WILLIAM HARRISON.

Those who know anything of the persevering attempts made by this gentleman (in conjunction with Miss Pyne and the late Mr. Mellon) to establish a permanent English opera among us will be sorry to hear that they ended in impoverishment well nigh complete. Mr. Harrison is now on a sick bed, and in sore need of all that his personal friends and public sympathizers can do for him. In such a case—the public being under obligation for years of faithful service—it is neither humiliating to give nor receive assistance, and we are glad to notice that a grand performance will be given at Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday next, in behalf of Mr. Harrison, by the united operatic companies. The attractions held forth are great, but we believe that no small part of the house will be filled by those anxious, first of all, to show that one good turn not only deserves but secures another.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Adelina Patti)—last time this season.

On Monday, *Don Pasquale* (Patti)—in lieu of *Il Barbiere*, postponed on account of Mario's indisposition.

On Tuesday, *Il Domino Nero* (Sherrington, Locatelli, Naudin, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Neri Baraldi)—first time. (See elsewhere).

On Wednesday, *Il Domino Nero*—second time.

On Thursday, a combined entertainment (first act of *Romeo e Giulietta*, third act of *Faust e Margherita*, and second act of *La Figlia*), for the benefit of Adelina, and last night of the season 1868.

In our last it was inadvertently stated that *Un Ballo in Maschera* was given on Friday, instead of Thursday, last week. On Friday, the opera was *Faust e Margherita*.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday, *Il Flauto Magico* (Tietjens, Nilsson, Sinico, Bettini, Santley, C. Lyall, &c., &c.)—first time.

On Monday, *Lucia* (Nilsson, Bettini—in lieu of "Moriano Neri of la Pergola," Santley, Fiorini, &c.).

On Tuesday, *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Tietjens, Nilsson, Kellogg, Santley, &c.).

On Thursday, *Il Trovatore* (in lieu of *Il Flauto Magico*—Mdle. Nilsson being indisposed).

To-night, *Rigoletto* (Kellogg).

The extra nights, be it understood, commenced on Tuesday, July 14th, the day after Signor Mongini's benefit, when *Il Trovatore* was given.

MR. MAPLESON'S BENEFIT.

The varied entertainment given on Wednesday week, in the Crystal Palace, for the benefit of the enterprising manager of Her Majesty's Opera, was scarcely so well attended as could have been desired. It was as large, however, as could have been expected, looking at the prices charged for entrance and accommodation. Not even the attraction of a concert and an opera, with fountains, fireworks, and Arabs thrown in, could reconcile the bulk of season ticket holders to the payment of an extra half-crown for admission, especially as no such charge was made on previous fêtes. The thousands who did attend, nevertheless, had small reason to complain.

At four o'clock there was a concert in the Great Transept.

It is unnecessary either to quote the programme, or to go through this performance in detail, both singers and songs being familiar to everybody. Hence it will suffice to mention the more successful efforts, which included both the airs sung by Mdle. Christine Nilsson, who had to repeat "Ernani Involanti," and was asked, but declined, to repeat "In questo semplice" (Bentley). Signor Mongini's magnificent voice rang through the place like a trumpet, and, because everybody could hear him, everybody joined in making him sing "La mia Letizia" twice. Miss Kellogg was much applauded after her capital rendering of the *barcarole* from *L'Etoile du Nord*, and Mdle. Tietjens (whose *scena* from *Der Freischütz* was one of the finest performances of the evening), Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and the other artists of Her Majesty's Theatre, were listened to with the customary pleasure. The band played

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the overture to *Martha*, and the chorus were frequently employed to advantage. At the close of the concert the fountains were played, and the Arab troop, now at the Palace, went through their gymnastics with such vigour that—impossible as the thing may seem—it made one hotter than ever to look at them. Of course, the “sons of the desert” were at home with the thermometer at 120 or thereabouts.

At half-past eight, on the great stage, there was a performance of the first two acts of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the cast being the same as that now familiar at Drury Lane, with the important exception that Cherubino was taken by Madame Trebelli instead of by Mdlle. Nilsson. The appearance of the Transept during this representation was very picturesque, and doubtless perfectly unique in the history of opera. The glimpses of the brilliantly-lighted stage from the semi-gloom of distant points were singularly striking and effective. To large numbers this must have been a consolation, since very little of the music could be well heard beyond the intersection of the nave. But whatever was well heard was much enjoyed and loudly applauded, as for example Mdlle. Tietjens's splendid singing of “Dove sono,” and the not less beautiful rendering by the same lady and Miss Kellogg, of “Sull' aria,” which alone had the honour of an encore. It is needless to discuss the performance in detail since we have had to say so much about it elsewhere. The fall of the green curtain at the end of Act 2, seemed to surprise the audience, but the fireworks, which followed immediately, made some atonement. These were splendid as ever, among them being several new and very beautiful effects. It should be added that both the concert and the operatic performance were conducted by Mr. Mapleson's indefatigable *chef d'orchestre*, Signor Ardit.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

At this house we have had one performance of *Il Trovatore*—the first, and likely to be the only one this season. It was “for the benefit” and last appearance of Signor Mongini, whose noble voice was never in finer order, and who has never sung more effectively. Mdlle. Tietjens was the Leonora, Madame Trebelli-Bettini the Azucena, and Mr. Santley the Di Luna. A finer representation of a worn-out opera has, on the whole, seldom been listened to. Besides *Il Trovatore*, we have had *Faust*, with Mdlle. Nilsson as Margaret, and the new tenor, Sig. Firensi (who does not improve), as Faust; *Luria*, with Mdlle. Nilsson (twice); *Dor Giavanni* and *Le Nozze Figaro*, the many performances of which great masterpieces this year have derived so much attraction from the combined talents of Mdlles. Tietjens, Nilsson, and Kellogg, in the three principal characters of each.

The revival of Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, with freshened scenery (by Mr. W. Beverley), dresses, and decorations, has afforded another proof of Mr. Mapleson's energy under difficulties. Of the performance of this other masterpiece of Mozart, which Beethoven declared to be his greatest, we have little to say, inasmuch as the cast of the *dramatis personae* is almost identical with that of last year. Mdlle. Tietjens was Pamina (a better was never seen or heard); Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Astrifiamante; Mdlle. Sinico, Papagena; the three damsels of the Queen of Night were Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mdlles. Bauermeister and Corsi; the three Genii were Mdlles. Rose Hersée, Zandrina, and Drasidil; Signor Bettini was Tamino (excellent); Signor Fiorini, the Sacerdote; Signor Foli, Sarastro; Mr. Santley, Papageno; and Mr. C. Lyall, Monostatos (the most original and amusing impersonation of the swarthy guardian of Pamina we can remember). All sang their very best—even Mdlle. Nilsson, for whom indulgence was claimed at the commencement of the opera, and who, though omitting her last air, “Gli angui d'inferno,” gave her first, “Va ritorla,” so finely that she was unanimously called upon to repeat the last movement, which, with what, under the circumstances, we cannot but regard as temerity, she did. An encore was also awarded to “O cara armonia” (duet for Pamina and Papageno, with chorus), where the threatening slaves are compelled to dance to the irresistible strains of Papageno's music; and this was chiefly due to the humorous acting of Mr. Lyall, as Monostatos. The splendid overture was splendidly executed under Signor Ardit's direction.

The revival of *Il Flauto Magico* is a boon to all lovers of good music. It is to be repeated this evening. *Rigoletto* is announced

for to-night, with Mdlle. Kellogg as Gilda. Mr. Mapleson's season has yet another week to run.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since the departure of Mdlle. Lucca, although there has been little novelty, the entertainments have been varied and attractive. A last intended performance of the *Africaine*, with Madame Rey-Balla as the heroine, a character in which she has won much celebrity abroad, was put off, in consequence of that lady being unwell, and *Faust* substituted, with Mdlle. Vanzini as Margaret and Signor Naudin as Faust. We have had two more performances of *Romeo e Giulietta*, besides *Rigoletto*, with the new tenor, Signor Chelli, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (in place of *La Sonnambula*, Mdlle. Patti—rare event!—being indisposed), *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and *Don Pasquale* (vice *Il Barbiere*, Signor Mario being this time the defaulter).

One at least of the three advertized novelties, though at the eleventh hour, has been produced; and this was the *Domino Noir* of Auber, which under the Italian name of *Il Domino Nero*, has been promised season after season. Instead of Signor Mario, as Horace, or “Orazio di Massarena,” however, we had Signor Naudin; and instead of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, or Mdlle. Adelina Patti, as Angèle, or “Angela,” we had Madame Lemmens-Sherington. Now, with all deference to these excellent and versatile artists, it behoves us to state that the disappointment felt was unanimous, and militated greatly against the success of Auber's most piquant and delightful work, with the plot of which all our opera-loving readers are well acquainted, and with the music of which they have long been familiar. The other chief characters were assigned to Mdlles. Locatelli, and Anese, Madame Tagliafico, Signors Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Neri Baraldi. Altogether, the performance was mediocre; and we would rather look upon it as a “dress rehearsal” for next season. We need scarcely say that the orchestra, under Mr. Costa, was perfect from the overture to the end; and how exquisitely Auber has used the orchestra in *Le Domino Noir* all amateurs are aware.

The theatre closed on Thursday night with an act from *Romeo e Giulietta*, an act from *Faust*, and an act from *La Figlia del Reggimento*, “for the benefit of Mdlle. Adelina Patti.”

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The complementary “complimentary” concert in St. James's Hall, on Friday, was a great success. The audience was large, the orchestra splendid, and the result worthy a society which aims to represent our most cultured musical taste. The programme, some changes in which had been made owing to the illness of Mdlle. Tietjens, and the less severe indisposition of Mdlle. Nilsson, was as beneath:

PART I.

Jupiter Symphony	Mozart.
Recit ed Aria, “O voi dell'Erebo” (Mr. Santley)	Handel.
Concerto in G (Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé)	Beethoven.
Scena, “Ah! perfido” (Mdlle. Nilsson)	Beethoven.
Fantasia Overture (“Paradise and the Peri”)	W. S. Bennett.

PART II.

Italian Symphony	Mendelssohn.
Aria, “Di tanti palpiti” (Madame Trebelli)	Rossini.
Aria, “Sei vénicata assai” (“Dimorah”) (Mr. Santley)	Meyerbeer.
Overture (“Jubilee”)	Weber.

The symphonies were heard to better advantage than usual, for an obvious reason. The room in Hanover Square is small, and so excellent a conductor of sound that irregularity or want of refinement is at once detected; while at St. James's Hall any slight occasional inaccuracies have a chance of escaping notice. The Philharmonic band has rarely played more acceptably. Both symphonies—masterpieces by men so different and yet like—were nobly executed. Mr. Hallé was loudly applauded, and called back after his fine performance of the Queen of Concertos. That the accomplished German played throughout with wonderful neatness and delicacy will be as readily taken for granted as that he strove to interpret the work in hand as the composer intended. Mr. Hallé being an artist, and not a mere virtuoso, is always welcome, but especially is he a godsend after such an outburst of “virtuosity” as we have had lately. The *cadenzas* introduced by Mr. Hallé, in the first and last movements, were Beethoven's own, which it is to be hoped, may henceforth be invariably used by pianists, unless some new Mendelssohn should arise to extemporize (as he frequently did) even better *cadenzas* than the written ones of him to whom we owe the concerto. Dr. Bennett's charming tone-picture, *Paradise and the Peri*, was the success of the evening. Like most of our countryman's

great works, it is seldom performed, but heard, no matter when or where, it must always make a deep impression, particularly when the audience have themes and words before them in parallel columns, as on this occasion. I know how rash it is to give such high praise to an English composer, but I cannot help observing that Dr. Bennett's overture is one of the most imaginative and beautiful things in music. This must have been, in some degree, the feeling of the audience, who kept on applauding in the hope that Dr. Bennett would come forward to receive their congratulations. When shall we learn to appreciate, other than spasmodically, a man who elsewhere would be an object of national pride?

The vocal music was excellent from first to last. Mdlle. Nilsson, though indisposed, sang Beethoven's splendid *scena* with superb effect. Her delivery of the recitative was marked by extraordinary dramatic power, and nothing could be more beautiful than her *mezzo voce* in the theme of the slow movement. She was, of course, vigorously applauded both before and after her call back to the platform, as well as in the intervals of the *scena*. Madame Trebelli gave the familiar "Di tanti palpiti" with much expression, and Mr. Santley sang both his airs in his own inimitable fashion. Mr. Cusins conducted with admirable judgment.

THADDEUS EGG.

PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

During the season just ended nearly every public pianist in London gave what are called "recitals." An exhaustive notice of those entertainments is put out of the question by their number, and made unnecessary by their character. But, on the other hand, there were some of first-class interest and importance, which ought not to be passed over. The names of three of the "reciters"—M. Antoine Rubinstein, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr. Charles Hallé, each a household word in connection with the household instrument—will prove this and also indicate the selection we are about to make.

M. Rubinstein's three programmes were chosen with no apparent object except that of showing the performer's versatility. Though not the highest possible, this was a perfectly legitimate end. One may, of course, urge against it that M. Rubinstein's versatility, however extraordinary, is of little importance; but nobody can deny that it counts for something, especially with M. Rubinstein himself, who knows perfectly well where his strength lies. The famous Wallachian cannot be expected to undertake, like Madame Goddard and Mr. Hallé, the performance of a particular set of classical works; a course which obliges the executant to adapt himself to the composer. With his peculiar gifts, M. Rubinstein's obvious policy is to call together a lot of composers, and make them adapt themselves to him. Therefore, many illustrious masters waited upon M. Rubinstein during his late recitals. Beethoven was in attendance with three of his greatest sonatas—Op. 31 in D minor, Op. 109 in E major, and Op. 111 in C major; Mozart supplied his A minor Rondo; Handel one of his *Gigues*; Mendelssohn his *Presto-scherzando* and *Variations Séries*; Chopin several small pieces; Schumann his *Etudes Symphoniques*, as well as the *Séances Mignonnes* (which would have been quite enough of themselves); J. S. Bach his *Fantaisie Chromatique*, and, though out of place in such company, Abbé Liszt brought up the rear with a fantasia. Having got these together, M. Rubinstein treated them as a capricious beauty might treat a mob of suitors. Some he favoured, with others he trifled, and others still he caricatured; nothing, to all appearance, regulating the treatment of each but regard for his own momentary fancy. As might have been expected, Beethoven fared very ill, and so did Mendelssohn, but M. Rubinstein smiled graciously upon the smaller composers. A couple of pleasing little *Nocturnes* by John Field, a few of Chopin's pieces, and the grotesque creations of Schumann were beautifully given; style, tone, and execution being alike admirable. M. Rubinstein, however, smiled most graciously after his own peculiar fashion upon himself. Nothing in the history of modern "virtuosity" comes up to his performance of a *Suite* from his own pen. We need only say about the work that it is to other compositions for the piano what M. Rubinstein's playing is to that of other first-rate performers. As regards its execution, justice can no more be done to it than to the manner in which transcriptions of the overture to

Egmont and the "Wedding March" were dashed off. After both, M. Rubinstein's audience must have taken away nothing but an impression of prodigious noise and wonderful mechanism.

Yet it is impossible to class M. Rubinstein with other pianists of the sensational school. If he were only a brilliant executant, having an unlimited command of the keyboard, his artistic importance would be very little. But he is more than that, and might be much more than he is. In this lies to a great extent the interest he calls forth. When listening to M. Rubinstein, it is impossible not to feel that he has all the gifts and resources of a consummate artist. He possesses, besides extraordinary manipulative skill, a power of intelligent comprehension and expression which together make a marvellous whole. Unhappily, these qualifications serve him as little as undigested learning serves a student. M. Rubinstein is rich without knowing how to use his riches, and he often grieves all who are interested in him or his art by the spectacle of magnificent endowments sadly misapplied. Hence his recitals were in a great measure exhibitions of wasted or ill-regulated power. His playing, guided by no settled principles, depended upon the whim of the moment, which frequently resulted in an impetuosity contemptuous of everything but its own gratification. If M. Rubinstein would only restrain himself—but speculation upon a change for the better is useless so long as the public not merely tolerate but applaud his vagaries.

Like M. Rubinstein, Mdlle. Arabella Goddard gave three performances; those of the English pianist being devoted entirely to Mendelssohn, and for the most part to Mendelssohn in his best-known aspect. That Madame Goddard, having determined upon joining the reciters, would choose the works of her favourite composer, was to be expected. No artist now before the public has studied Mendelssohn with more zeal or success, and her announced intention to play the entire six books of *Lieder ohne Worte*, though without precedent, caused no surprise. It is easy to understand why the task had never been essayed before. Simple though they appear, the *Lieder* take a great deal of playing to do them justice; moreover, they afford but little opening for the applause certain to follow sensational effect. These considerations were not likely to influence Madame Goddard. The qualities demanded by the *Lieder* are precisely those which most distinguish her, while she has ever been more anxious to advance the cause of art than merely to gratify the popular taste. About the "songs" themselves, we have nothing to say. The pets of every musical household, the favourite theme of every home pianist, they have long ago spoken for themselves. Nor will it be necessary to enlarge upon the manner of their rendering. As well as faultless mechanism, Madame Goddard brought to them a chaste expression and an unaffected style which well became the chancery and most unaffected music ever written.

But the interest of Madame Goddard's recitals was not all due to the forty-eight "songs." Combining the least known with the most familiar, she played, in addition, the set of six Preludes and Studies and the two Sonatas recently doled out by Mendelssohn's executors. The former, written about the time when *St. Paul* was produced, are magnificent specimens of what scholastic exercises ought to be. They are instinct with the genius of one who could do nothing perfunctorily, but who threw himself as heartily into the writing of a prelude as into the composition of a symphony. We can only select for particular mention the first and second Studies, both gems of the purest kind. No. 1. (in B flat minor) is really a *Lieder ohne Worte* with a plaintive theme moving gently on amid a play of *arpeggios* as brilliant in effect as they are difficult of execution. By way of contrast, No. 2 (in F major) is a lightsome *moto continuo* such as Mendelssohn loved to write and everybody loves to hear. Both were performed, as were their hardly less difficult companions, with extraordinary skill, and two out of the six had to be repeated. Of the Sonatas, one, in B flat, had been previously given by Madame Goddard at the Monday Popular Concerts. The other, in G minor, is the production of a boy twelve years old, a knowledge of which—if it does little else—enables us to estimate the immense advance made by Mendelssohn between its date and that of the Symphony in C minor written four years afterwards.

Mr. Charles Hallé, who has been reciting with as much industry and

success as ever, will soon have nothing new to put in his programmes. He has played Beethoven's Sonatas several times, and has drawn so largely upon the piano-forte works of other masters that he must be anticipating a similar position to that which troubled Alexander. This season he added most of the available sonatas and other pieces of Schubert, as well as the minor piano-forte compositions of Beethoven, to his extensive catalogue. It need not be said, therefore, that apart from Mr. Hallé's thoroughly artistic playing—to hear which is always a treat—the eight recitals lately given by him were of the highest interest. Schubert's works alone would have given them such a character, even if the selection had been confined to the ten sonatas. But with the charming "Faintaisie-Sonata," the fantasia in C, the two series of Impromptus, the "Momens Musicaux," the "Adagio et Rondo" in E, and some smaller pieces, including thirty-two delicious "Dance Measures" added, an exceptional attraction was provided. At no previous time, perhaps, could the strength of that attraction have been felt so much as now. The advance of Schubert in public estimation during the last few years is among the most striking facts of musical history, thanks to the presentation of his orchestral works by Mr. Manns, and of his concerted chamber music by Mr. Arthur Chappell. Mr. Hallé has now shown that Schubert's writings for piano-forte solo are worthy to rank with the other productions of his prolific genius, and that they can even hold their own against the secondary efforts of Beethoven himself. How well Mr. Hallé did this service there is happily no need for telling. To an execution minutely accurate he joins all the qualities of a true artist, and this combination served both him and his composer—not to speak of the audience—in very good stead. The smaller works of the greatest among writers for the piano-forte were an agreeable change. It was, however, a little startling to see Beethoven playing the part of humble companion to the poor schoolmaster's son whose genius he so long obscured. Need we say that he played the part very well; that he chattered pleasantly in "Bagatelles," and was as full of humour in exhaustive "Variations" as though he never raised his thoughts to anything higher? Worthy of Mr. Hallé's Schubert performances was his execution of these trifles from the pen of a greater than Schubert, and worthy of hearty praise were the recitals in which both had a place.

DRAMATIC COLLEGE FETE.

The annual fête in aid of the Royal Dramatic College was opened at the Crystal Palace on Saturday week, and continued on the Monday following. Most people know by this time what a dramatic fête is like—a village fair in its toy stalls and its strolling players; a racecourse in its thimblerigging, except that the victims are willing; a bazaar in aid of a church building fund in its autographs, fairy post offices, and wheels of fortune; and a travesty of everything made under the sun, even of Her Majesty's servants themselves. The medley was contributed to by Richardson's show, and the Pauly-Tooly-technic Institution; at other booths were to be seen Mr. Heller, the American conjuror, and Thiodon's Chinese illuminations; one conjuror beheaded a lady on several occasions during the day, another ate fire, and a third disengaged miles of tape; the stalls were presided over by Mrs. A. Mellon, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Herbert, and others of less note. At the Pauly-Tooly-technic Institution Mr. Tooly lectured on chemistry, geography, astronomy, and the physical sciences generally; acting as ventriloquist he made several voices come from behind a screen, and to show that the voices were really there he removed the screen and discovered four well-known gentlemen whose speech he had imitated; the entertainment concluded by a pyrotechnic display, in the course of which some three Catherine-wheels and a squib were let off by the troupe. Richardson's show was occupied for three hours by representations of the *Bravo's Revenge, or the Ruthless Robbers of the Rugged Rocks*, which ends with a terrible conflict for the sake of a gigantic young lady, who, in respect of her yellow hair and black eyebrows, was but an exaggerated copy of many other parodies of nature at the Crystal Palace. Later in the day a better class of entertainment was given in the shape of selections from various popular plays of to-day. Mr. Alfred Wiggin, for instance, appeared in a couple of scenes from *The First Night*, and Mr. Tooly appeared as Soverberry in the farce of *Keep Your Door Locked*; the Strand company gave a selection from *Our Domestics*, and a scene or two from *No Thoroughfare* was coupled with some songs by Mrs. Howard Paul and Miss Fitzhenry.

But, for all this, we question whether there were not circumstances attending the fête which should lead the council seriously to consider

their future course. Although several popular actors and actresses took part in the business of the day, several of the most distinguished of their body were absent, and this is doubtless attributable to one or two facts, the fruits of which must of necessity be described as simple mismanagement. Out of the very large sums made by the booth and stall keepers last year the net benefit to the College was only £197; all the rest has gone in expenses, and the sum must have been very large, since 25,000 persons visited the Palace on the fête days. Then, out of the total receipts of the Institution from the time of its foundation, only one-tenth or £2,700 has gone to support the pensioners; and, despite the donation of £500 from the Viceroy of Egypt, the council found themselves at the close of the year in a far worse position than when they began it. It is natural that actors and actresses should decline to become mountebanks to so little purpose; and, under all the circumstances, it cannot be so much a matter of surprise that the fête of this year has turned out little better than a failure. It now becomes the duty of the council to decide whether it shall be repeated, and, in considering the question, they should remember that the visitors to the Palace on Saturday week were not as select as the well-wishers of the College would desire.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The annual concert given by the associates and students of the London Academy of Music took place in St. George's Hall on Saturday last, under the direction of Professor Wylde. Mr. Barth headed the programme with the first movement of Hummel's piano-forte concerto in A minor, which he played (with orchestral accompaniment), so as to earn unanimous applause. The next instrumental piece was Chopin's *Andante Spianato e Poème*, well rendered by Miss Gray; after which Mr. Ellis Roberts (pupil of Herr Straus) played Rhode's violin concerto, and Miss Chrissie Baker, Hummel's *Rondo*, "Les Adieux de Paris," the latter so well as to obtain a recall. Mr. Saunders was similarly complimented after an excellent rendering of Molique's violin *Fandango*, as was Miss Kate Roberts at the close of Hummel's grand *Rondo*, "Le Retour de Londres." Miss Wheeler was loudly applauded for her playing in the first movement of Chopin's E minor concerto, and Miss Hutchinson deservedly obtained favourable recognition of her skill in an *improvisation* by Schubert. Other instrumental selections were performed with more or less success by Master Buels, a clever pupil of M. Paque, by Misses Royal and MacManns, and by Miss Vargas. The vocal pieces were quite worthy of the foregoing, and reflected great credit upon Miss Anna Jones, Miss Thorne, Miss Latter, Miss Abbott (recalled) Miss Fanny Holland (recalled) Miss Walker, Miss Dové Dolby, Miss Merryweather, Miss F. Robinson, Messrs. Adleman, Pelissier, and Watson. Not less did the whole concert reflect credit upon Professor Wylde and the able masters who assist him in carrying on a most useful institution.

Mdlle. ROSA D'ERINA, a pupil of M. Duprez (Paris), gave her first *matinée musicale* at the residence of Captain and Mrs. Washington Hibbert, Dover Street, assisted by Madame Osborne Williams, Mdlle. Sedlatzék, Signor Frauchesi, Mr. Boleyn Reeves, Mr. Chaudron Lane, and Mr. Edward Lane. Mdlle. Rosa D'Erina sang the grand *scène* from *Der Freyschütz*; an Irish ballad, a Spanish ballad, and an English song. In all these she exhibited considerable intelligence and careful training. Mdlle. D'Erina also appeared as a pianist, and played several pieces of her own composition with effect. Mr. Osborne Williams accompanied the vocal music.

MR. LANDSDOWNE COTTELL'S THIRD MATINÉE was given, on Wednesday day, in the Store Street Music Hall, and attracted a crowded audience. Thirty vocal and instrumental amateurs and professionals took part (the former all Mr. and Madame Cottell's pupils), among the best of whom was a young American lady, Miss Anna Whitten, who has studied at Milan. She sings like a genuine artist, and has a superb voice, which she uses in capital style. Miss Whitten sang a cavatina from *Lucia*, and an *aria* by Bianchi, carrying off all the honours of the matinée. A young bass singer, Mr. Walter Reeves, from Barnstaple, in "O, Ruddier than the Cherry," and a song by Mellon, "My home in the forest wild" (encored), gave evident proof of possessing a fine voice and much taste. Miss Emilie Blanche, in a song by Mr. Cottell, "Holly and Ivy," evinced much expression, as did Mdlle. de Montier in Arditi's ballad, "The nearest way home." Mr. Edward Thomas, a young tenor with a good voice, made his *début* in a new and pretty song, "My winsome maiden rose," and Miss Roberta Erskine, from the Strand Theatre, in Venanzio's waltz and a song by Abt, obtained a legitimate success, as did also Miss Ellen Ganville, both in her songs and in a duet from Wallace's *Maritana*. Amongst the other successes we may mention Signor Caravaglio's "Largo" and *La Pecca* (encored), and the piano-forte playing of Master Munday. Owing to the success of the present series of concerts, Mr. L. Cottell announces his determination to form an English Operatic Company, in the carrying out of which we hope he may be successful.—B. B.

PROVINCIAL.

TORQUAY.—In our previous notices of musical events at this fashionable sea-side resort, we omitted to name the concert given by Signor Gustave Garcia and Madame Martorelli-Garcia, for the benefit of the Torquay Infirmary. The Bath Saloon, in which the concert took place, was crowded by a fashionable audience, and the result was the handing over of the sum of £50 by Signor and Madame Garcia to the institution, for which they received a vote of thanks from the directors. The concert was a very agreeable one, and the audience were highly gratified.

MUNICH.—Zenger's opera of *Ruy Blas* is to be produced immediately. **DRESDEN.**—Great preparations are already being made for the production of Herr Richard Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* at the Royal Operahouse. The work will be brought out during the winter, after having been cut, so as to reduce it to a reasonable length. According to report, the cast will be as follows: Hans Sachs, Herr Degele; Böckmeyer, Herr Eichberger; Pogner, Herr Scaria; Kothner, Herr Köhler; David, Herr Rudolph; Eva, Mdlle. Haenisch; and Ritter Walther von Stolzing, Herr Tichtatscheck.

EMS—Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and Jaell, MM. Jaell, Wilhelm, and Bottesini, took part in the last Kur-saal Concert. The principal pieces were: Impromptu on a motive from Schumann's *Manfred*, for two pianos, Reinecke; "Fantasia," David; Andante and Cavatina for Violin, Mendelssohn; Air from *Der Zweikampf*; and Turkish March from *Die Riesen von Athen*, Beethoven.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Lange celebrated, a short time since, his twenty-fifth anniversary as director of the Pauliner Männergesangverein, on which occasion a grand piano was presented to him by the members.—Only works by Mendelssohn were executed at the concert recently given by the Singacademie in aid of the funds for raising a monument to that composer. Among these works were: Sonata for the Organ, in B flat major; Fragments from the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*; and "Lauda Sion."

MILAN.—Verdi has been stopping several days in this town, which he had not previously visited for about twenty-three years.—*Il Matrimonio Segreto*, by Cimarosa, has been revived with great success at the Vecchio Teatro Re. The principal parts were exceedingly well supported by Signora Vinea, Signori Scheggi and Paoletti.—A new theatre is being constructed by a private company in the Via Palermo.

AMSTERDAM.—The Philharmonic Society, Utrecht, has just published the titles of the works which have carried off the prizes offered by it for the best choruses for male voices. They are: "Valkers Nachtgesang" (motto: "Ne quid nimis"); "Ergo bibamus" (motto: "Zum Becherklang ein froher Sang"); and "Goeden Nacht" (motto: "De Toonkunst slechts doorziet het Spoor"). These compositions will be sung at the grand Vocal Festival on the 8th and 9th August, when the names of the composers will be made public. Each prize consists of a gold medal and two hundred florins.

TURIN.—A new opera, entitled *I due Orsi*, has been produced at the Teatro Alfieri, but has not proved a success. The music is by Signor Dell' Argine.—A *buffo* opera, *Il Diavolo condannato a perdere Moglie*, by Signor Ricci, was announced at the Teatro Nota, but this theatre is now burnt to the ground. The disaster occurred during the performance of *Crispino e la Comare*. The house was crowded, and the piece had arrived at about the middle of the second act, when the scream of a woman was heard from behind the scenes, and followed by the noise of hurried footsteps and a cry of "Keep your places; it is nothing." The clothes of a female dancer had caught fire, and in her terror she had run about with her skirt in a blaze, and set light to some drapery at the wings; the flames of her dress were, however, extinguished before she had suffered any injury. The alarm had, however, spread among the spectators, and a general rush was made to the doors: but some young men who were in the gallery above and could see what was going on near the stage called out that the fire was over. About half of the spectators then returned to their seats. The disaster had, indeed, for a moment appeared to be at an end, as the canvas on fire had been torn down and trampled under foot. But the flames had found in the painted scenes and light woodwork an aliment too favourable, and, again appearing, the panic once more became general, screams were heard on all sides, several women fainted, many persons jumped from the windows on the staircase, and every one made for the street, leaving behind hats, shawls, umbrellas, &c. Fortunately the theatre had been partly emptied at the first alarm, and everyone was able to get away in safety. The scene outside was most curious; the spectators might be seen, some with bare heads and others with clothes torn from their backs, hurrying to and fro in search of friends or relatives. The actors and actresses were in their costumes, while some of the ballet-girls, who had been surprised while dressing, were between two toilettes, half civil and half theatrical. The flames in the meantime had gained the pit and the galleries, and as the interior of the house was constructed of wood and canvas only, any attempt to check the progress

of the fire was useless, all that could be done was to prevent the conflagration from extending to the adjoining houses, and in a short time nothing but the blackened walls remained.—At the Carignano, among other novelties, there is to be a new *buffo* opera by Signor Lauro Rossi. It is entitled, *Gli Artisti alla Fiera*.

REVIEWS.

Beyond the Sea. Song. By ROBERT CAIRD. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THIS is the song of a lover whose love has gone beyond sea. There is much of tenderness in it, and more of constancy than would find favour with most people, seeing that he purposes remaining true, though

"Other arms than his enfold her,
Other accents fill her ears."

The music is pleasing.

Sunshine. Song. The poetry by Miss E. GOMES; the music by MARSHALL H. BELL. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

THE present is an inopportune season for reviewing a song with such a title. The thermometer standing at 101 degrees in the shade, who can bear to read—

"Beautiful sunshine so joyous and bright,

* * * * *

Sunshine, sweet sunshine, how lovely art thou!"

Mr. Bell's song seems—through the simpering atmosphere—to be a pretty one, but we will look at it again in the winter.

Philomèle. Chanson. Paroles de J. B. ROUSSEAU; musique de HORTON C. ALLI-ON. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A GRACEFUL apo-utopie to the sweet singer of the woods, by no means unworthy of his sweetness. Limited in compass, easy to sing and play, it ought to become a favourite.

The Farmer's Daughter of Berkshire. An Elizabethan song. Arranged by HENRY PHILLIPS. [London: R. W. Ollivier.]

MR. PHILLIPS has done good service by disinterring this excellent old song, the melody of which is said to have been composed by one Master Hugh Lambert, in the "golden days" of good Queen Bess. The words tell how a farmer's daughter "of good degree," preferred "young Richard" to a "stately Lord," and the music is as quaintly nervous as any of the period.

O, the Sweet Contentment. Corydon's song, from Isaac Walton's Complete Angler. Set to music by their brother Piscator, HENRY PHILLIPS. [London: B. W. Ollivier.]

In this song Mr. Phillips has happily caught the charming spirit of the words. The music may not be able to bear a rigid scrutiny, but, then, rigid scrutiny in such a case, is uncalled for.

My Little Charmer. Song. Words by JOHN ELLISON, Esq. Music by HENRY PHILLIPS. [London: Robert W. Ollivier.]

WE like this song less than either of the foregoing by the same composer. It is, nevertheless, likely to find admirers among the admirers of love-songs which are not full of maudlin sentiment.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

R. MILLS.—"On vous lez vous aller," by Brinley Richards; "The Holy Cross," a song of the sea.

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